The Hand Writing on the Wall.

Now in those strange days, in Babylon of old,
Where Belshazzar reigned, in his vain father's stead,
When Israel's proud priest-hood, had bowed to the yoke,
Of red-handed war, far reaching and bold;
When Judah's grand temple, dismantled and robed,
Stood silent whilst captive, Jerusalem mourned,
In that far long ago, when events moved slow,
Foretold by the Prophets, and guided by God,
'Twas in those old days, when war crowned the King,
With wealth, power and honor, by the edge of thy sword
When night led each triumph, with rapine's red torch,
And stern justice waited "the word of the Lord."
'Twas in those old days, when Babylon was great,
And rich in the sound of the harp and the loom,
That the hand of the weaver, nor dancers swift feet,
E'er paused once to harken, this cry at the gate.
Oh daughter of Caldeah, thy days are fulfilled,
In the snare of vain-glory, thy foot hath been caught,
God's vengeance is near thee, and by His decree,
The bow is now bent, and the arrow is wrought.
He knoweth whose blood, thy rich garment hath stained,
He knoweth what gold, thy dark coffers contain,
He hath counted the souls of Israel oppressed,
And reckoneth their tears, for His temple profaned.
And thou oh Belshazzar, whose unholy lips,
Hath dared to profane the temple's rich cup,
Thou drinkest oh King, the wine of God's wrath,
'Tis thy soul's condemnation, thy hand lifteth up.
And swifter than dancer, or the weaver's deft hand,
Speeds a shuttle unseen, through the warp of thy state,
Stearn justice holds hard, the beam of that loom,
So silently weaving the thread of thy fate.
For lo in the midst, of feasting and joy,
Belshazzar's pale lips, spills the wine from the cup,
With the whiteness of death, fear painteth each face,
And dread checks each foot, as the dancers look up,
Where, high o'er the horror, that holds them in thrall,
A fiery pen traces in letters of light
Thy doom oh Caldeah, in God's hand tonight,
Waits the sword of Omnipotence His wrath, and thy fall.
And Belshazzar died, and Babylon fell,
And wildly the nations wept, over his tomb,
On Euphrate's banks all desolate now
The rains that mock, while her story they tell.
O'er Egypts wide plains, o'er her ivy grown walk,
O'er the grim broken face, of her gods as they lie,
O'er the graves of the dead, who plotted in vain,
"Thou art weighed and found wanting," God's judgment on all.
And now oh my brother, what of this night,
Lo a greater than Israel's tyrant is here,
Far stronger his fetters, degrading his bonds,
And he laughs at our prayers, in his insolent might.
King Alcohol's grasping fair liberty's hand,
While he hides 'neath her robes, his traffic in souls,
From the laws golden chalace he drinks to her shame,
And the cries of his victims, are heard in the land.
What of this night, watchman, weary and worn
On the ramparts of temperance, what of the night?
At the gate of their revels, sound there no cry?
Cometh not through the darkness no gleam of the morn?
Floating downward the answer lo! the shadows dispel,
I see the hand-writing, in letters of flame.
Cross the wall of Gin's palace, they glitter and burn,
Breaks the morning my brothers, my sisters, "all is well,"

MRS. E. MURRY SIGERFOOSE.

Bristol, Ind.

TO THE EDITOR MY BRO.:—I now ask you to insert in your paper these few lines for us. We are out in this part of God's vineyard where the people are devoid of Christianity, though our city is a city of churches. We do not mean to say that there are not good moral people and very benevolent, and believe they are Christians. But one's belief don't make it so (may I ask any of my brethren or sisters to define what constitutes a Christian?) Brethren we ask your sympathy for our struggles out in this far west, for we can conceive the difference between the several states in the Union, knowing that California is built up of or by aggressive men, and some of them the lowest characters. Bro. Brown thinks I am too aggressive. But if he was here some times and knew as we know, he would learn that it is useless to send any one else in the service of Jehovah, but aggressive men, Such are Moses, Elijah, Elihu, Jehu, Josiah, Micah, Jeremiah, all the minor prophets, John the Baptist, Christ, Peter, Paul, John? We could fill the paper with names of aggressive men, all public benefactors. What is the church you stand by but an aggressive church? There was a time when I was afraid to show the Brethren paper to my young converts, through its aggressiveness. But that is of the past. Though it was required, young converts can not see as the old ones.

The church at San Francisco is built up from the highways and hedges, faithful men and women, and may God bless them, for I know they are worthy, and God knows his servant is not given to flattery. Bro. Brown is, we believe, a good old man, a faithful servant of God, and we were glad to have his company, but he must not go and make our brothers and sisters believe that I am too fast without thorughly understanding each other. This was the trouble with *Peter* and *Paul*. May I ask how a man may know when he is called of God, or has called himself? Again if a man is called of God, is he to do things God's way or man's way. We believe in becoming obedient to our bishops or elders, but if their ways fail to move the sinner, we don't believe in following their ways but obeying the divine instructor. The church of San Francisco wants to be known of the brethren and sisters throughout the world. We don't want to be isolated but what are we to do? Are we to think as the mass, move as the mass moves or are we to tell the world we are strictly opposed to all disobedience of Christ's teaching in or out side the church. Where is the success of God's children if not in obedience? Can we call those Christians that say and do not? No, it is true that prophecy will be fulfilled; if God has no faithful ones to do it, he will call the next best material.

The churches say our doctrines are non essential and teach their converts so. Are those people my brethren? No; and we dare not call them so; but they say, you don't get many to believe as you if your Christianity or religion is judged by number. The Catholic and Methodist are the best, and Mahommedism, and all others are before us. Brethren don't let us have a name to live and yet be dead. Aggressive men are the ones God uses in or out of the church. If other churches are Christian and doing right, then what is the use of us being divided? Why not join some large denomination and go as easy as they? If they are wrong then let us be watchman on the tower, warn the people of their danger, teach them to be right. Bro. Brown asked me why I did not ask some of my friends for assistance to build a church? Our answer is this: we intend building, but not a dollar of the devil's money will go into a building for God. God don't want the devil's assistance. The Church of San Francisco, if built while your humble servant and his faithful brethren and sisters are alive, will belong to the Brethren on conditions that it is never mortgaged, and if sold, sold on conditions that a larger one take its place. The young prophets with Elisha went and built a larger house. No mortgage to pay a preacher as we see in San Francisco, and then call it God's house. (Ezra 4:1, 5.) The children of God wanted no assistance of the devil. Judas' money did not go back into the Treasury. That betrayed his Master. We have already refused money from professors for building a house.

Brethren we are bound close together; we do nothing without one another's consent. When a letter is written to one it is written to all. Bro. Sam. Stewart has just introduced two letters, one from the editor and one from Bro. Mason; God bless the editor and our Bro. If the editor wants subscribers we will do our best for the cause. Bro. Mason, we can not and will not spare our Bro. He is our faithful deacon. We have had two or three pamplets from you. Send them to Jones St. for if you do not they will go to some other part of the city, like the EVANGELIST did of late. And Bro. Beer, if the people in the San Joaquin don't treat you as they ought, step down and out. If they love gold more than God's service, come out from among them. Come into the field where the harvest is ripe and but little help. Your humble servant would not hesitate to tell the selfish professor his doom. A vast field in San Francisco and few laborers.

Bro. Brown, remember I am not writing a rebuke; I am telling the Brethren our true position and children of the living God have everything as we pay for it. Owe no man any thing; refuse from the devil, or any evil one for God's purpose.

I want to ask my brethren a question: why did God give command to cover the tabernacle with a badger skin?

Now in conclusion, we have prayer and testimony meeting at Sister Plummer's every Thursday evening. Preaching at the same place at 9 a. m. every Sunday, and Bro. Brockwell preaches on the street at 11 every Sunday forenoon. Meeting every Sunday at 3 p. m. for preaching at Bro. Brockwell's, and Bible class at 6 p. m. at same place. The Sabbath morning service is conducted by Bro. Richard Plummer, at 9 a. m. Bible class every Sabbath, but the first Sabbath in the month. That has been our communion Sabbath for the past two years by Bro. Brockwell. Some may say any body lead the meeting? Yes we want all San Francisco preachers; no sitting at ease in Zion. The great trouble is people don't know enough of the Bible. Your humble servant has no other pleasure in this world but to be compared to willing listeners, and in his humble way try to teach. You that don't like street work, look out, for the time may come when Ashland may hear the cry from your humble servant irrespective of likes and dislikes. John the Baptist, preached two, three and six times a day for 50 years, and he was the means of shaming, and has knocked the props from under the church of England so that she must fall.

Your servant will, when God permits, tour the country with the true religion that is Christianity It can only be accomplished in God's way.

Brethren pray for us in this ungodly city, but our proper place. Here we are wanted and here we will stay till a church is rooted and grounded in the knowledge of the truth. Then we can move to start another for our Master.

FROM THE SISTERS AND BRETHREN.

P. S. We thank the editor for patronizing street preaching. We were the first to preach in this city with music used. A lady used to play the organ for us upon the street before we had any holiness band or Salvation Army.

Having read this letter to the Brethren of San Francisco I am authorized to send it to you.

GEORGE W. A. BROCKWELL.

San Francisco, Cal.

Take Life in Earnest.

I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things, and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still upon the surface—they do not touch the real depth of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation—but I want a sign, which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, in what cause engaged; and when I find this it seems to open my heart as thoroughly and with as fresh a sympathy as when I was twenty years younger.—*Dr. Arnold.*